

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Blood Reign"

(feat. B.A. Barakus, Diamondback, Louis Logic)

[Ikron the Verbal Hologram:]

Yeah, Vinnie Paz baby
2 G baby, Army of the Pharaohs
All that good shit, yo, yo

The lawnmower man smashes through your skull with battle axes
We whip asses with Adjanti daggers
That slashes, crushing opposition like we was fascists
Stigmata and four gashes
We bashes the faggots who can't attack it right
Take their sternum and then turn them into my acolytes
That's the sight of blood that make a child stop
That's the rights of thugs that keep it wild hot
I hate you, say to pray to a heavenly father
It's fatal, like a NATO military armada
We hotter, warriors from Atlantis
Couldn't overstand how raw the Hologram is
The mantis who use the flame rod
'Cause y'all couldn't physically bruise the name God

[Diamondback:]

Yo, the technique detrimental to your immune
Leave you in the dust, let y'all niggas choke on fumes
It's the tight, nice, aerodynamic, gigantic
Shadow I cast is dominant, royal highness
North Philly's own homegrown champion
Purposely remaining unknown until shown
Cold as stone, the stage, my home away from home
I, prefer to leave these cloned niggas alone
Building a home for lost MCs gone wrong
Feel the pressure when my team come on strong, it's QD

[Stoupe:]

Never try to duplicate the skills executed
But can't the skill execute this right
Listen up y'all suckers to what I say
Breaking out an unstoppable
Never try to duplicate the skills executed
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[Jus Allah:]

Megatron is fucking monstrous, hopping out of Lake Loch Ness
Every motherfucker in range is left topless
Roam the metropolis like shit's cop-less

Y'all cock-less, we stuff y'all in boxes
For stuffed pockets, yo my thugs is thick
Thug'll diss but then we gotta put a slug in your bitch
Splatter your dame, Pharaohs, we shatter your brain
'Til a nigga's salary change to lateral game
Like Calgary Flames, putting fire on ice
Put me in Hell for putting four nails in Christ

[Louis Logic:]

I'm like Billy Goat Gruff under the bridge at Governor Ridge
Waiting to knock heads off, I'm a mean son-of-a-bitch
With an itch to misbehave and wave a switchblade
In front of your face so close to leave your whiskers shaved
To disengage or rip the pages from your notepad
Then shove 'em up the hole between your lower back and gonads
The only way your rhymes would be the shit
You need to read a script on playing gay 'cause you cats could eat a dick
Serving Sucker MCs a fifth of the drunken styling
Ripping M-I-C's like a pub in Dublin, Ireland

[Stoupe:]

"Never try to duplicate the skills executed, son"
But can't the skill execute this right
Listen up y'all suckers to what I say
Breaking out an unstoppable

[B.A. Barakus:]

Aiyo, I got a fetish to see flesh rip
When my TEC spits, breaking your bone where y'all chest is
I dare a nigga to try and battle
I'll put the sweat in your palms when you swallowed your Adam's apple
Eat MCs like chupacabra was eating cattle
Defeat disease with palabras, frequently battle
I make the hardest man fall back and start to squeal
Haul a fifth to his face, taste the steel
This why I got pro deep and stay ruthless
You useless, fuck with us and leave toothless
We're often known as psycho-drama dispensers
Paralyze niggas then put 'em in trauma centers